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Miscellaneous.

Poetry.

THE DUDE.

Who strolls the Ave. each afternoon;
Who whistles airs all out of tune;
And dons short coats cut quite too "soon?"
The Dude.

Observe his form. You can't or he
Wear pants as tight as tight can be—
(And pants for notoriety),
The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood;
Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could,
A sort of nothing 'twixt the bad and good?
The Dude.

Who wears his hair all nice and banged;
And says "By Jove, that Mrs. Langt-
Ry's chawming quite, or I'll be hanged?",
The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park;
Says, "Life's aw, such a jolly lark"
(Perhaps the Dude's the long sought
"Snark?")
The Dude.

Who goes to all receptions, teas;
Who smirks a smile at friends he sees,
And, for his health, sips sangarees?
The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style;
Declares "The weathaw's thimply vile;"
And lisps some dainty swear, the while?
The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage,
This funny speck on nature's page—
Conundrum of the modern age?
The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through—
Tell what it's for—what it can do?
Guess what it is, I'll give it to you.
The Dude.

—T. N., in Acta Columbiana.

Selected Story.

THE OLD SPY-GLASS.

—o—

Uncle Silas had a rickety, old-fashioned spy-glass that he kept in the sail loft on the end of decaying wharf, where he stored the spars and sails of his boats in winter time. The loft was warmed by a rusty, drum-shaped, sheet iron stove. There were no chairs in it, only one or two benches. Uncle generally sat on the floor when he was patching the sails.

For a thimble he used what sailors call a palm, which is a leathern band, with a central piece of steel punctured like a thimble. With this he pressed the large spike-like needle through the heavy canvass.

There was always a number of old sea Captains or fishermen or sea-loving lads whiling away the time in Uncle Si's sail loft, telling their experience or listening to stories of the sea. Or they would talk about their favorite ships, or look out of a square-shaped window, shaped like a port-hole, at the vessels gliding into the harbor.

They often used the old rickety spy-glass, which threatened to fall to pieces every time it was taken up, but the glass was Uncle Si's delight. He prized it as the apple of his eye. To say anything against that spy-glass was to start him into a long discussion, which went to show that he was behind the times. For he always insisted that all the improvements of later science had failed to make improvements in telescopes that would eclipse his cherished old telescope.

But nothing could induce him to tell how the glass came into his possession.

We knew that he had had many adventures, like every man who has been to sea and surmised that there was something peculiar attending his right to the old spy-glass, although no one who knew Uncle Si ever expected that there was anything discreditable to him in having it.

But one day, it happened that the death was reported in the sail loft of a well-known ship-master, Captain Luce.

"Is Captain Luce dead, then?" exclaimed Uncle Si. "Well, that reminds me that he knew as much about that spy-glass as I do."

Every one at once gave attention, for we seemed on the eve of learning the story of the old telescope.

"Not that it's so much of a yarn, either," said the old skipper; "but I just remember the v'yage I took with him. He knew his business, it's a fact, but he made us toe the mark, I tell you, and wouldn't stand no loafing nor impudence.

"We had a good run out to Calcutta, and nothing special to note. But on the way home we met a hurricane near Mauritius. The ship behaved well, but the gale carried away some of the light spars.

"A few days after this we sighted a wreck, and bore down to see if she had been abandoned. The wind was moderate, and so a boat was sent off to her.

"We found she was a French ship. There wasn't a living soul on board. The crew had all left her in the boats, you see, except one poor fellow who lay dead just inside the companion-way.

"We didn't dare to stay long, for the barque was wallowing deep in the sea and went down just after we left her. But we brought away with us a box of tea and this 'ere spy-glass.

"After this we had calms until the tar all came out of the seams of the ship and the Captain's temper gave out. The heat and the terrible long calm kinder made him crazy, I think. You couldn't wink but what he'd be at you.

"Now it was the man at the wheel he abused; then he'd heave belayin' pins at the lookout, or he'd kick the steward. 'Twas only when his child Ella—he called her Birdie—was around that he was quiet. He loved her, and when he began to swear and cuss, Mrs. Luce would send the little girl to him, and he'd stop right off and take her in his arms and wind her curls around his fingers.

"One day, it was my turn at the wheel. The Captain was aft fooling with the glass we'd got from the Frenchman. He took it all to pieces and wiped it clean and talked about it to himself.

"This is the glass to use," said he, in muttering voice. "I never see the like on it. Guess I can scare up a breeze with such a weapon."

"Just then the ship gave a lurch. She was onsteady-like, you see, bein' as it was a dead calm and a lump of a swell a-heaving up from the south and bringing a wind with it. This threw one of the lenses in the glass on the deck, and it went a-rollin' towards the scupper, but it lodged in the waterways.

"The Captain got up and looked at me. His face was as white as a sheet he was so mad. His eyes glared like a lemon's.

"He walked up to me with his teeth clenched. Then he up with his fist and made a blow at my head, saying:

"Where did you larn to steer, you confounded son of a landlubber?"

"I jest dodged the blow, and he fetched another clip at me.

"Captain Luce," says I, "I'm a-doin' the best I can. It's this swell that did it. I can't steer without nary a breeze."

"Yes, you can, you lubber! You did it a purpose! I'm a good mind to make shark's meat of you!"

"You'd better take care!" says I, speaking up smart, for there was blood in his eyes, and we'd stood this sort of bullying long enough.

"You dare to sass me, do you!" said he. "I'll teach you to mutiny on board my ship?" and he made a move as if he was going to draw the revolver out of his pocket.

"I let go the wheel and was just a-goin' at him with both hands—I didn't want to draw my knife—when I heard the child scream.

"We both stopped and looked around. Mrs. Luce was a-flyin' up the companion-way, a-shriekin' and a-cryin', "My child! Oh, my child! She's overboard!"

"I looked over the side of the ship. I saw the little thing under the lee quarter, a-struggling and a-holding out her hands. We all loved the little creetur, although she was the child of that old sea tyrant. But I didn't think much of her bein' in the water—for 'twas smooth and we'd soon have a boat down to pick her up—until I saw a shark's fin not more'n a cable's length away.

"This settled me; 'twa'n't in human nature to stand by and see a poor innocent creetur like that eaten up by them bloody monsters.

"I just cast off the coil of the mainbrace from the belayin'-pin, and holing the end in my hand, went overboard. I done close to the child, and caught her by the hair just as she was goin' down. Then I took her under the arms, and holding on to the brace, called to them to haul in.

"The shark was mighty nigh by this time, and as I drew my feet out of the water, he shot right under me and bruised my foot with his fin.

"Captain Luce didn't say nothin' when we got his child aboard, but he was just like one dazed. His wife took him below and that night he was lyin' in his bunk with a fever and ravin' for his child.

"The mate took charge of the ship. We were close to Cape Town, and we put in for a doctor.

"We lay there two weeks afore Captain Luce was himself again. He was like another man the rest of the voyage, peaceable-like and meek as a Quaker.

"After we'd got to Boston and laid the ship up by Long Wharf, and I was a-goin' ashore, he called me to come aft. His child was sittin' on his knee and playin' with his watch.

"Bill," said he, "I ain't said nothin' to you about how you risked your life for my child, but I ain't one of them folks who forget such a thing as that. I want to do the right thing by you, although I could never pay back the great debt I owe to you. What can I do for you?"

"Captain Luce," says I,, "you don't need to worry yourself about it. I did my duty, and I'd do it again for such a trim little gal as that.'

"No," says he, 'I ain't satisfied to leave it in that way."

"Well," says I, "if it'll make you feel better, then I don't mind if you let me have the glass we got out of the French bark. It'll serve to make me remember little Ella."

"It's yourn," says he.

"And so, lads, that's the way I came to have that 'ere spy-glass.'

[*Youth's Companion.*

Miscellaneous.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BILL ARP GETS TANGLED UP IN AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

Atlanta Constitution.

We went to another picnic the other day and had a glorious time. It was on a lawn in a beautiful grove close by a big spring and a long table was spread and we feasted on bright eyes and fried chicken and jelly cake and happy faces and ice cream and sweet smiles and merry laughter and lemonade all mixed up together, and we stayed till most midnight and heard the Calliopean club go through their exercises of music and reading and composition, and then drove home by moonlight and I think Mrs. Arp is a little younger and prettier than ever and is renewing her youth in consequence. I never saw the like. Our people are getting hilarious and are frolicking more this spring than usual. This makes three naborhood picnics in a little while and they are fixing up for another and my wife is getting ready. We have got her out of the chimney corner and it looks like we will never get her back again. Mr. Gibbons says he to me, Did you ever see such a crop of girls as we have got a growing in the country? Well, says I, I reckon the boys are at home, at work. No sir, says he, there aint hardly any boys anywhere. I've counted em up in this naborhood and there are about two girls to one boy and what is worse the girls are the smartest and have got the best education.

Well there is a reason for everything and a cause for every effect, but I don't know why there are more girls than boys, and I wish somebody would tell me. Some folks say it is a sign of peace. The girls are the smartest, I know, for they have had most education. Before the war the boys were put forward and the girls kept in the background, but now the boys have to work and so the girls are sent to school and to college and the boys have to help to pay for it. That is the reason why the girls are the smartest, and my fear is that they are a little too smart and won't marry these young fellows who can't quote a little poetry and don't no whether Byron wrote Shakspeare or Shakspeare wrote Byron. But I reckon they will sooner or later. Mrs. Arp says that girls marry too soon anyhow and she don't want any of hers to marry under twenty unless the offer is a very splendid one in all respects. I reckon that is the reason why she went off at sweet sixteen; but I think Mr. Gibbons is mistaken. The census shows about as many boy children in Georgia as girl children. We've got six boys and four girls, and that is about right. There is more anxiety about the girls. They are sorter helpless and dependent and we have to watch these young fellers mighty close for fear of trouble, for the old saying still holds good,

"A son is a son till he marries a wife.
A daughter is a daughter all the days of her life."

It is mighty sad to see a girl come back to her father's house to live after she has been married a year or two. Poor thing! She never knew what a good home she had until she left it and bye and bye she comes creeping back pale and sad and the man she trusted goes another way. That is the wreck of a life. No more happiness for her. No wonder that parents feel anxious about their daughters and the daughters ought to think and ponder a long time before they marry. A father's house and a mother's love are mighty hard to beat. But then a happy marriage is the highest state of happiness and every girl ought to look forward to it. There are lots of clever young men of good principles and who have been raised by good parents. The girls ought to mate with em, money or no money. Money is a good thing but principle is better and if a young feller has got both and don't drink nor gamble and is industrious and healthy, why he is all right and if I was a girl I would put him on probation and say, I think you are a very good man but you know I am an angel and if——. Well if he seemed to doubt my being an angel I would just tell him to go hence. If a young man don't look upon his girl as an angel before he marries he never will afterwards and if I was a girl I would be an angel as long as I could.

As a general thing the girls show too much anxiety to marry. They are too sweet on the boys. They ought to stand off and look reserved and precious and put on Jerusalem airs and say young man you don't know who you are fooling with. I'm a treasure, I am. I weigh 115 pounds and am worth a thousand dollars a pound. Well they are. A good nice healthy girl who can make her own dress and get up a good supper for company and is not ashamed to wait on the table while they are eating, is just worth about a thousand dollars a pound. But that is nothing compared with what they will be worth. Why Mrs. Arp has cut out and made up at least 2,000 garments of one sort and another. She has sewed 500,000 stitches and patched, darned, and washed faces and feet and combed hair innumerable. She has tied up 500 sore toes and cut fingers and burns and bruises and kissed away a thousand tears. She has watched em by night and by day and keeps on watching and right now while I am writing on my piazza, she is looking away up the big road and says: "I'm afraid something will happen to them boys, they are too little to go off by themselves." There are two little nephews here just out of school and they and Carl have all got a horse or a colt apiece and have gone off on a "scursion" and I call em the infantry cavalry and tell Mrs. Arp it is all right but she sits here sewing with her specks on an ever and anon looks up the road and says, "those children have overstayed their time. I'm afraid something has happened." If they don't come back soon I know that I will have to start after em for that is always the way. Mrs. Arp is worth at least five thousand dollars a pound and she weighs right smart and keeps a getting heavier. I am rich, I am. I feel wealthy whenever I look at her.

I met an old friend the other day and says he: "I just wish you could see my boy. I'm fixing him up for college and he is just the smartest boy in all this country. He is a natural orator. He has got gifts, he has. He speaks now like Henry Clay. He took the medal in declamation. I wish you could see him on the stage. He is just splendid, he is."

I looked at him mournfully and says I, "It's sad very sad. I never knew a natural orator to be any account. I was a natural orator and it ruined me. I've never been any account. I took a pewter medal when I was young and I've never gotten over it. It was for speaking a speech. I thought then that I had whipped the battle of life and there were no more worlds to conquer, but I've had to fight on ever since and my medal dident do me any good. I wish you would guard your boy against medals and being a natural orator. There is but one remedy for a natural orator and that is to marry rich and settle down and wait for invitations to make speeches at college commencements. They are right useful that way. Some times they do right well considering. I knew a natural orator to get elected to the legislature and a pretty girl in the gallery saw him as he was naturally oratoring and fell in love with him and he married her and she was rich and they are getting along first rate and now he gets a call every other day to speak at some college and he accepts em all and goes to none, but its all the same to him for he gets his name in the papers and that's enough. But he is an exception for luck and the boys who are natural orators needent presume on his good fortune.

I don't know but one place for boys and that is work. Put em to work and keep em at it, for idleness is the parents of all vice. Don't map out any particular trade or calling, but keep em at work and it will map out itself. Habits make up life. Life is a bundle of habits and if a boy has a habit of work he is all right. BILL ARP.

CARRYING OUT A CONTRACT.

SUICIDE AND REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF AN UNKNOWN YOUNG MAN IN IOWA.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of June 6 publishes the account of a suicide of a young man who gave his name as Rufus H. Faton. He blew out his brains at Delhi, Iowa, the night before. There was nothing on the body to indentify it save the following remarkable letter, without date or signature:

"I am going to take my own life, having made up my mind to do so more than a year ago. Although I do not think that anybody cares a pin about my reasons, yet it will give me some satisfaction to state them, and anybody who finds this paper need not read it if he does not wish to do so. I am 27 years of age, a lawyer by profession, but not very much so, as far as practice is concerned. I was born in Baltimore, and I suppose that is more my home than anywhere else, although I have travelled all the way from Denver to New Orleans. I have always been an unlucky devil, and the only thing that has kept me from suicide long ago was the lingering fear that there might be a hereafter. I have arrived at the conclusion, however, that there is not anything worse than I have gone through, and I'll chance the future state. But I'll not preach. Two years ago I met a young lady. It don't matter where, nor what her name was. She was pretty. I was as usual, a fool. I had the education of a gentleman, but not the means to live up to my desire I had run through considerable money, and had not the industry to make a livelihood at my calling, Well, of course, I fell over head and ears in love with this girl. She liked me, I think, but she had sense, and she never let her sentiment run away with her prospects. I drank some, and gambled some, and was as wild as a young fellow usually is. Though I generally wore good clothes, my pocketbook was usually very flat. Well, when her parents saw that my visits to the daughter were growing frequent, they immediately interfered. 'You know my child has been tenderly raised,' said her father, 'and she cannot marry a man who cannot properly support her. I like you, but you see how it is. A man should not marry unless he can properly support his wife.' The mother was just as stern, and the daughter was persuaded to fall in with their plans. I have laughed many a time at a fellow who was fool enough to kill himself for a girl, but that was before I was in love myself. I see it all now. But love stories have been told so often that there is tittle interest in them. The girl jilted me. The last time I saw her she cried a little, and even let me put my arm around her waist. She loved me, she said 'but her parents wanted her to marry a middle-aged gentleman and she could not disobey.' If she had told the truth she would have said that she loved the middle-aged gentleman's carriage and pair and his bank account better than she did me, and much better than she did him. I begged and pleaded, and got the same answer all the time. You know what I did then. I went to drinking harder than ever. I became a nuisance, if I had not been before. One day I was talking over matters with a friend of mine named Jim Anderson, who always had more money and sense than I had. I told Jim I was going to kill myself. He laughed and sneered. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' I said. 'I'll insure my life for $15,000. in different companies, and make the policies over to you. You pay me $2,500 a year for two years, let me have a little hurrah for that time, and when it's over I'll agree to kill myself and you will get the money. In that way you make $10,000, and I have some fun.' Jim laughed, but I insisted and finally we drew up an agreement to that effect. I got out policies in the different life insurance companies. He holds them and the agreement. He paid me $200 a month during the last fifteen months, although I don't believe that he ever thought of holding me to the agreement. But he was of a speculative turn of mind anyhow, and although he hardly believed I would kill myself, he knew that if I had the money I would soon drink myself to death, and he was willing to take the chances. The time is not up yet, but I guess I'll let him make the extra money. He'll be surprised and not at all sorry. Nobody else cares, for the girl I mentioned has since married the bank account, the carriage and the middle-aged gentleman. This is no case of temporary insanity. I have as much sense as anybody. I made a contract, and I'm carrying it out. Bury me wherever you like. There is $35 in my vest pocket, and that will pay expenses and my bill so far."

A FALSE IMPRESSION.

A Detroiter who was taking a newly arrived Englishman around town the other day happened to pass a carpenter shop, and the Englishman remarked that he had always heard that American workman were rather slovenly and careless.

"We will go in and see," was the reply, and they entered and sat down to wait for the boss. The carpenter was using his brace and bit to bore holes in a frame of some sort, and after each hole was bored he had to insert a wooden wedge. When he had bored a hole he would walk off two minutes. After whittling out each wedge he would turn and place his knife on a shelf, and every time he wanted his hammer it was on the bench six feet away.

"Ah! I find I was sadly mistaken," said the Englishman, as they finally departed. "Why, that man had as much order and system as any workman I ever saw in England. He must have occupied four-fifths of his time walking back and forth for and with his tools."

"Yes, he was working by the day, you see!" explained the citizen as they walked on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Rockville, (Conn.,) young lady, who was examining some hats in one of the millinery shops there lately, innocently inquired: "Do the crushed strawberry hats have the odor of the fruit?"

A young bride being asked how her husband had turned out, replied that he had turned out very late in the morning, and turned in very late at night.